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SOME BOOK REVIEWS.

ILLUSTRATED.



AMONG the pleasing examples of artistically bound books from the publishing house of Thomas B. Mosher, who does good work from the pure love of it, are "Aucassin and Nicolette" and the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayam" in the Old World Series.

The "Rubaiyat" is comparatively well known, various editions, among them Vedder's superbly illustrated one, having been issued before in this country; but this reprint of the old French

"song story" as its able translator, Andrew Lang, styles it, comes as a stranger to most, and therefore all the more welcome.

In the introduction Mr. Lang speaks of it as the "one survival of the tale in alternate prose and verse which has come down from the twelfth or thirteenth centuries." Gaston de Paris, whom Mr. Lang quotes as an authority, believes the author, whom he calls "the old captive," to have been a contemporary of Louis VII (1130), but the exact date must always remain a matter of doubt. It is the conventional romance of the time; a tale of thwarted but finally conquering love, the hero a Christian Knight, the heroine a Pagan lady and captive among Christians.

The quaint and curious tale begins with a line of prose most simply :

"'Tis of Aucassin and Nicolette—" then follows an introduction in verse.

Each fragment of verse is prefaced by "Here singeth one," and followed by "So say they, speak they, tell they the tale."

Aucassin is no parlor knight, and the author allows just enough of his martial spirit to be shown to prove him brave; but his thoughts are all for his love, the fair Nicolette, whose claims to beauty are set down in due order;—"Her locks were yellow and curled, her eyes blue and smiling, her face feely fashioned, the nose high and fairly set, the lips more red than cherry or rose in time of summer, her teeth white and small," ending with "the daisy flowers that brake beneath her as she went tiptoe, and that bent above her instep, seemed black against her feet, so white was the maiden." This description, save that of the fairness of skin, applies exactly to Aucassin.

But to give an example of the style of this romance. When Aucassin finds that Nicolette has been taken from that prison where she lay and hidden, he demands her from the captain of the town, who chides him for loving a foreign captive, and counsels him to forget her; for should he gain her, says the gallant soldier, "Plentiful lack of comfort hadst thou got thereby, for in Hell would thy soul have lain while the world endures, and into Paradise wouldst thou have entered never."

To which exordium Aucassin replies in a passion :—

"In Paradise what have I to win? Therein I seek not to enter, but only to have Nicolette, my sweet lady that I love so well. For into Paradise go none but such folks as I shall tell thee now; thither go these same old priests and halt old men and maimed, who all day and night cower continually before the altars and in the crypts; and such folks as wear old amices and old clouted frocks, and naked folks and shoeless, and covered with sores, perishing of hunger and thirst, and of cold, and of little ease. These be they that go into Paradise; with them I have naught to make. But into Hell would I fain go; for into Hell fare the goodly clerks and

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goodly Knights that fall in tourneys and great wars, and stout men at arms, and all men noble; with these would I liefly go. And thither pass the sweet ladies and courteous, that have two lovers, or three, and their lords also thereto. Thither goes the gold and the silver, and cloth of vair, and cloth of gris, and harpers and makers, and the princes of this world. With these I would gladly go, let me but have with me Nicolette, my sweetest lady."

A delightful addition to this romance are the ballades celebrating the loves of Aucassin and Nicolette, by Andrew Lang and Graham Tomson, which follows the introduction.

Of the literary value of this present edition it is sufficient to say that it is a direct reprint of the very scarce edition of Lang's translation published in London in 1887 and counted so precious as to command the extraordinary sum of three guineas a copy. The etched title-page of this London edition is charmingly reproduced in artotype and delicately printed in Sepia, on Japan Vellum, and the three head and tail pieces are from the same source.

The text, in the cleanest of print, is on Van Gelder paper, and the delightful little book is bound in Japan Vellum and provided with a sliding case to keep it from harm.

Of the great poems of Omar Khayam, it will probably always be a question who was the greater master of verse, the astronomer-poet of Persia, or his translator, Edward Fitzgerald, to whose exquisite taste this version of the Rubaiyat owes its being. Fanny Kemble, his lifelong friend, said of him, "In America this gentleman is best known by his translation or adaptation, (how much more if it is his own than the author's I should like to know if I was Irish,) of Omar Khayam."

What knowledge the world has had of Fitzgerald before this time has been chiefly derived through allusions to him on the part of his literary friends and his correspondence with Fanny Kemble, but W. Irving Way, of the publishing house of Way & Williams, prefaces the biographical sketch of the Persian poet by Fitzgerald, which is an important feature of all editions, with an interesting one of Fitzgerald, in which is told much that all have wished to know. The volume begins and ends with verse by Theodore Watts, the first a "Toast to Omar Khayam," the last a "Prayer to the Winds," written on the occasion of "planting, at the head of Fitzgerald's grave, two rose-trees whose ancestors had scattered their petals over the tomb of Omar Khayam." There is also a sonnet by Rosamond M. Watson.

In giving the parallel texts of the first and fourth editions of the Rubaiyat it is clearly shown how greatly Fitzgerald improved on his first version.

The binding is precisely similar to that of "Aucassin and Nicolette," but does not seem quite as appropriate, the quality of the work demanding richness rather than delicacy.

Still another exquisite little volume is that delicate fancy of Walter Paters', the lightest and least labored of all his works, "The Child in the House," bound like the others in Japan Vellum, but with a slide case in charming brocade. Of this the publisher says he has no other intention than that of showing "that beautiful typography and inexpensiveness need not lie far apart," to use his own words.

The general scope of his plan has been indicated by the Bibelat, which has been for some time in the course of serial publication in monthly parts at the amazing price of a half dollar for the year's subscription. The issue for 1895 covered a wide range of choice bits reprinted from sources not easily accessible to book lovers, or from old favorites that are given additional charm by being separately printed. It numbers Blake's "Lyrics," and the rare "Book of Airs," from Dr. Thomas Campion, Stevenson's admirable story of Frances Villon, called "A Lodging for the Night," some of the most characteristic of the "Ballads" of that same "beggar-poet," the fifth act of Shelley's "Cenci," selections from the lyrics of James Thompson, author of "The City of Dreadful Night," various curious "Mediæval Latin Student Songs" and other well chosen selections from several poets.



“THE BABIES’ GARDEN.”

Design for Nursery Wall Paper,
By Will Bradley.



“Summer is Icomen In,”
by C. M. Gere.
From *“The Quest,”*
Berkley Updike, Boston.

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The fifth (May) number of that very artistic magazine, *The Quest*, contains the old song, "Sumer Is Icomen In," the illustration for which, by C. M. Geer, forms the frontispiece and is an interesting bit of art. The free movement of the woman as she walks down the flowery lane, preceded by the summer birds, is admirable.

The "Notes Upon Some of the Differences Between Ancient and Modern Buildings," by A. S. Dixon, have a two-fold interest, for they are written from the standpoint of both the artist and the architect, and are as full of practical advice as of feeling for effect. The illustrations of this paper are practical also, though that E. H. New, who furnishes the first, does not confine himself to that side of illustration is proved by his "Ramparts of Fougeres," which is as archaic as if designed by Durer. The same Durer-like effect is shown in the illustration from "Huon of Bordeaux," (a mediæval romance newly reprinted) by Fred Mason, though one cannot imagine in Durer such a feeling for nature as is evidenced in the very beautiful border (derived from the wild parsnip) which surrounds this picture.

Other features of this number of *The Quest* are a quaintly illustrated reprint of Sir John Suckling's "Ballad Upon a Wedding," and other interesting papers.

To possess a book from the house of Copeland & Day is to own a piece of excellent and honest work in all its details, the product of equal care and skill. Its contents may not always deserve such a setting, but the outward guise approaches perfection. Late examples of this fine handiwork are the poems of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, entitled, "Esther and Love Sonnets of Proteus"; "The Road to Castaly," by Alice Brown; "Dumb in June," poems by Richard Burton; and "Nine Sonnets Written at Oxford," by Louise Imogen Guiney.

Blunt's poems are finely dressed, the book, bound in white vellum, being of generous size, yet not too large to hold with pleasure. The rough and mellow-tinted paper, large margins, clear print and choicely illuminated initial letters are a perpetual enjoyment for the eye.

There, alas! the pleasure ends, for Blunt's poems are sad stuff. His clumsy fumbling after words in which to express himself, and his almost constant failure to find them, as well as the essential commonness of his thoughts, have a distinctly irritating effect on the reader, who wonders at the efforts of the poet.

Here is a Sonnet to Juliet, chosen at random.

I ask for love who famished am in plenty
Not scorning the dear manna of your tears,
But being vexed with that too froward twenty
Which heads the sum of my rebellious years.
My soul is fallen "in lust of cucumbers,
Of fish, of melons," through its long abstaining.
Unworthy Egypt yet enslaves my fears.
Oh, love! I thirst, but not for heaven's raining.
Why speak to me, alas, of heavenly joys
Who ask for joys of earth these cannot cheat?
What are these clouds, these pillars of fire, to me?
'The wilderness is long. Youth cannot be
Forever fed on these unnatural toys
And needs must murmur if it have not meat.

And one must ask why and how can he use phrases like the following:

"I had need of the sweet healing darkness to my sight,
As a bruise needs a poultice."

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Why in the name of outraged taste, why poultice ?

We say like old Polonius, poultice "is a vile phrase," at least outside of a comic verse. Here is great waste of good paper and ink, for if these examples give a fair estimate, as they do, of Wilfred Scawen Blunt's gifts, then, although he has the possible advantage of being the great-grandson-in-law of Lord Byron, and may be an excellent person, possessed of many virtues, he certainly is no poet.

Other volumes of English Sonnets, printed like this at the University Press, are to follow. It should be added that the unique design for the title-page, the fine borders and initial letters, are by Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue.

"The Road to Castaly" is a demure little volume, clad in somber green binding, decorated with a design of tulips intermingled with what are supposably intended for stone urns.

Alice Brown is better known as a writer of good New England stories than as a poet, but proves her right to the name by some of this verse, which has the true ring. Particularly felicitous is the address to Pan, from which we take the following picture :

"Upon one shaggy knee
He handled tenderly
A youngling fox whose mother stood thereby
Watching with worshipful and drowsy eye
The laughing god and laughing little one,
Both children of the sun,
Loved of the wind,
And understood by all four-footed kind.
Ah ! who but one reed-piping in the wood might now
Sing of the god himself, his music-haunted brow,
His cheeks, like autumn hillocks, overspread
With bloom of russet red ;
Richer than wine spilled o'er young maple tops
• His glowing lips
For generous laughter curved."

This is full of charm and the true sylvan spirit.

Miss Brown has a deeply reverential feeling, and its best expression finds words in her lines entitled

"HORA CHRISTI."

Sweet is time for joyous folk
Of gifts and minstrelsy ;
Yet I, O lowly hearted One,
Crave but thy company.
On lonesome road, beset with dread,
My questing lies afar ;
I have no light, save in the east
The gleaming of Thy star.
In cloistered aisles they keep to-day
Thy feast, O living Lord ;
With pomp of banner, pride of song,
And stately sounding word.
Mute stand the kings of power and place
While priests of holy mind
Dispense Thy blessed heritage
Of peace to all mankind.

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I know a spot where budless twigs
Are far above the snow,
And where sweet winter-loving birds
Flit softly to and fro ;
There with the sun for altar-fire,
The earth for kneeling place,
The gentle air for chorister,
Will I adore thy face.

Loud, underneath the great blue sky
My heart shall paean sing,
The gold and myrrh of meekest love
Mine only offering.
Bliss of Thy birth shall quicken me
And for thy pain and dole
Tears are but vain, so I will keep
The silence of the soul.

To turn to another American poet, Richard Burton, whose "Dumb in June" and other poems are newly printed.

His is a most sweet and melodious muse, whose rhythm is always smooth and true, and whose imaginings, though apt to take on an aspect of sadness, ring true ; no false note jars upon the ear, or frets the mind of the reader. The little book, bound in the true Quaker grey, holds many a graceful verse, even more pleasing than that which gives its name to the collection.

Such a poem is

"THE COMFORT OF THE STARS."

When I am overmatched by petty cares
And things of earth loom large, and look to be
Of moment, how it soothes and comforts me
To step into the night and feel the airs
Of heaven fan my cheek ; and, best of all,
Gaze up into those all-uncharted seas
Where swim the stately planets : such as these
Make mortal fret seem slight and temporal.

I muse on what of Life may stir among
These spaces knowing naught of metes nor bars ;
Undreamed-of dramas played in outmost stars,
And lyrics by archangels grandly sung.

I grow familiar with the Solar runes,
And comprehend of worlds the mystic birth :
Ringed Saturn, Mars, whose fashion apes the earth,
And Jupiter, the giant, with his moons.

Then, dizzy with the unspeakable sights above,
Rebuked by Vast on Vast, my puny heart
Is greatened for its transitory part,
My trouble merged in wonder and in love.

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There is something fine in this. Very musical are these verses from the

"SONG OF THE SEA."

The song of the sea was an ancient song,
In the days when the earth was young
The waves were gossiping loud and long
Ere mortals had found a tongue ;
The heart of the waves with wrath was wrung
Or soothed with a siren strain,
As they tossed the primitive isles among,
Or slept in the open main.
Such was the song and its changes free,
Such was the song of the sea.

The song of the sea is a wondrous lay,
For it mirrors human life ;
It is grave and great as the judgment day,
It is torn with the strength of strife ;
Yet under the stars it is smooth and rife
With love-lights everywhere,
When the sky has taken the deep to wife
And their wedding day is fair—
Such is the ocean's mystery,
Such is the story of the sea.

The sonnets by Louise Imogen Guiney are like nearly all the verse of this writer, a labored effort to re-create, not only the speech but fashion of thought of the dim and often musty past, the effort resulting in an only partial and not wholly agreeable success. There are plenty of sturdy words in the copious English speech of to-day, words competent to express all meanings, even the most mystical. Then why bring forward the fantastical and happily long-forgotten affectations of the past to offend the ears of the sensible? "Interthrust," "gracile," "stable," why use such unnecessary words? and, what in "sober sadness" does she mean by "the droll Cæsars?"

Those long dead rulers have been accused of many things, both in their own time and since, but surely never before of being "droll."

The nine sonnets are bound in dull blue paper covers, with the same hand-made paper and initials and ornaments by B. G. Goodhue, the designer who supplied the ornaments in the poems of W. S. Blunt.

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.

A romance much commended, yet hardly praised according to its merits, is "The Seats of the Mighty," by Gilbert Parker, the Canadian novelist. Underlying it is a solid substratum of history, but so skilfully subordinated to the superior claims of narrative as to never obtrude itself. The reader cannot fail to be impressed with the thoroughness with which Mr Parker has mastered facts, a mastery so perfect that when he was at last ready to write his book, he was able to tell the story as simply as if it were not the product of painful and protracted labor; without any hint of the framework behind the brilliant tale of adventure.

Another thing that is almost unexampled is that the author is capable of introducing real personages into his story, such as the Marquis of Montcalm, General Wolfe and Robert Bigot, governor of New France (as Canada was called), and giving them lifelikeness; they are of flesh and blood, instead of being puppets, as is too often the case when the novelist attempts to revivify the past.

To consider the character of the story, Captain Robert Moray, the hero of the tale, if indeed he is the hero, for there are those who think Doltaire

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more closely resembles one, is an Englishman, who, while possessing all the pluck and vigor of his race, has much of the quick and fertile imagination of the Frenchman, and as a prisoner, as ready in invention as the redoubtable Baron Trenck.

It is as prisoner that Captain Moray makes his first appearance, but not at that time a wholly unwilling captive, since he is, while occupying the uncertain position of hostage, yet in a position to enjoy daily companionship with the woman he loves, Mdle Alixe Duvarney.

This pleasant captivity is about to end, for Doltaire, sent over from France, ostensibly by Louis, really by Mme Pompadour and in her pay, will have Captain Moray in less pleasant quarters than he now has, so that the misery of close confinement, aggravated by whatever hardships may be devised, may so work upon him as to make him serviceable and ready to part with certain valuable papers which Mme Pompadour has set her heart upon; papers which incriminate a former rival, and for whose possession much would be given.

This is not all of Doltaire's mission. It is strongly suspected that Bigot is untrustworthy; and who so able as the crafty Doltaire to discover any weakness of the over-ambitious and unscrupulous Bigot, and make it to his own advantage?

The manner in which he uses the various persons in power, and plays them off one upon the other, is admirable. Brilliant, fascinating and conscienceless, a very devil, this base-born son of a king kindles the imagination of the reader, who accords him a not unwilling admiration, and sympathizes in the desire of poor Voban, who, dying, says: "I wish I go with M'sieu Doltaire!"

Doltair himself is the true Frenchman he pictures to Moray: "You English are the true lovers, we French the true poets, and I will tell you why. You are a race of comrades, the French of gentlemen; you cleave to a thing, we to an idea; you love a woman best when she is near, we when she is away; you make a romance of marriage, we of intrigue; you feed upon yourselves, we upon the world; you have fever in your blood, we in our brains; you believe the world was made in seven days, we have no God; you would fight for the seven days, we for the danseuse on a bon-bon box. The world will say 'fie' and love us; it will respect you and hate you."

Doltair rules, now through finesse, now by brutality, as he sees occasion, and soon penetrates every secret save that of the love of Mdle Duvarney for Captain Moray. There he fails for a time, for the art of Mdle Duvarney, a creature compounded of the rarest spiritual essence and the most intrepid courage and daring, is finer yet than his. Doltaire is so mastered by his passion for her that he could not, if he would, conceal it; but she, who feels his fascination while she abhors and fears him, yet, knowing that her lover's life hangs on his caprices, is able wholly to disguise her real feeling for him, and deceives him almost to the end.

Other admirable and graphically drawn characters are the rough soldier, Gabord, whose distinctive traits are as carefully elaborated as are his superior's; Voban, the barber, and the mad Mathilde. Of the historical characters it is sufficient to say, as before, that they are as living actualities as the fictitious personages.

Of peculiarly striking scenes, the ball at the Intendant's palace, the dancing of Mdle Duvarney before the Intendant and other officials, where she, a blameless Herodias, masquerades as Madame Jamond, the great danseuse, to save Captain Moray's life; and lastly the scene of Doltaire's death, which is really a wonderful piece of work, and the most remarkable, in a novel which Stevenson would have greeted with pleasure, and in which the author excels Stanley Weyman and Anthony Hope on their own ground.

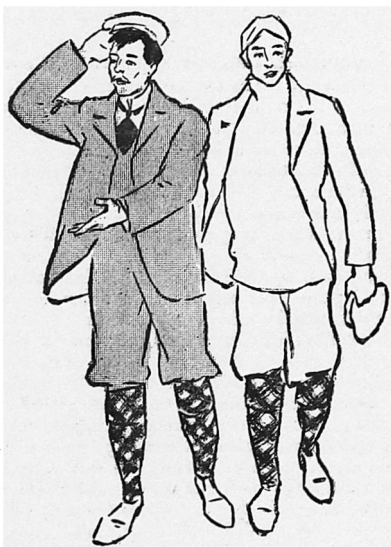
Historically speaking, it is valuable; in its graphic setting the facts concerning the French rule in Canada and the investiture of Quebec by General Wolfe gain in impressiveness and remain fixed in the memory.

The book is illustrated by prints from curious old portraits of Wolfe, Montcalm and Bigot.

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It is the Harpers' privilege to publish "The Bicyclers" and other farces, by John Kendrick Bangs, whose mission in life it is to amuse the multitude with impossibly droll situations and humorous incidents. Readers of Harper's Magazine are accustomed to turn to its back pages for an antidote for the blues, sure to find it where Mr. Bangs has exercised his fancy in their behalf.

The little volume is adorned as to its cover with a picture of the unfortunate Mrs. Bradley grasping the handles of her bicycle, and looking apprehensively at the policeman who is to convey her to the station, the work of Edward Penfield, whose humorous illustrations intensify the fun of these



From "The Bicyclers."—Copyright, 1896, by Harper & Brothers.

farces, whose fun is not too broad for the drawing room, nor too staid for the amateur theatrical club.

Mr. Bangs has a keen eye for the follies of the day, and in the *Bicyclers* shows up without mercy the absurdities that attend the present fad for wheeling.

The Perkinses and Bradleys have a terrible time of it, though they have all taken lessons at the bicycle school. Perkins says in a doubtful tone: "From what I can gather, learning to ride a wheel isn't the most restful thing in the world. There's a good deal of lying down about it; but it comes with too great suddenness; that is, so Charley Cheesboroughe says. He learned at the Academy and told me that he spent most of the time making dents in the floor with his head."

To which Mrs. Perkins rejoins:—

"Well, I heard differently. Emma Bradley learned there at the same time he did, and she said he spent most of his time making dents in the floor with other people's heads."

Ludicrous are the woes that befall these bicyclers, but as nothing compared to what the poor Perkinses suffer when the Bradleys and their friends descend upon them, just as they are about leaving the house for the theatre on the last night of Irving and Terry, and proceed to arrange their parlors and library in readiness for some amateur theatricals, to be given the following week, this being Saturday night. The curtain descends after a perfectly awful evening, and the poor Perkinses gazing on the ruin of their once tastefully arranged flat. "The Fatal Message," is the fiasco that these

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same people make of their theatricals, the preparations for which brought such misery to the wretched Perkinses. "A Proposal Under Difficulties" is the old, well used, incident of the bashful man who proposes to the housemaid by mistake, and is too confused to extricate himself from his difficulties. This, like the next, is funny, in the good old-fashioned roaring farce fashion. Almost every paragraph furnishes smart sayings like that of the bashful suitor, who tries to hearten himself for the ordeal. "Stopping runaway teams and talking back to impudent policemen have been my delight," he tells himself. "I've even been courageous enough to submit a poem in person to the editor of a comic weekly, and yet here this afternoon, I'm all of a tremble."

It is hard to say which is the most amusing, the farces, or the cuts that accompany them.

Of late years Maria Louise Pool, who began with character sketches, has drifted into the beaten track of the novelist, and her characters have been of the order that own summer houses, yachts and fast horses, but "In a Dike Shanty," (published by Stone & Kimball,) is a distinct and welcome return to her earlier methods.

The subject of this little book is not original with the author; many have set forth, with usually more or less humorous intent, the experiences of women totally unused to farming, but nevertheless determined to make the effort. In the former essays, disaster and flat failure have attended these endeavors.

Mrs. Pool makes an agreeable diversion from this somewhat over-beaten track, in that she pictures her heroines as the victims of fate, they being forced, against their will, into the possession of many acres of "dike land," and she leaves them in triumphant possession of tons of odorous hay as the final result.

The dike land in question is in the town of Marshfield, where the meadow meets the sea, and it is one of the sources of pride in these amateur farmers that, to reach it, one must turn off at the "Webster place."

Only those who have looked over those long stretches of salt meadows can appreciate their charm, which lies in the peculiar freshness of their green, the sea-birds that fly across and the sound of their cries, the remote lapping of the waves and the delicious odor of the sea; but these women see and love it, and presently find a sympathizer in a young girl whose tastes are thus commented on by the uncle, a dike-land neighbor:—

"Now my wife's neice, she's a livin' with us. She likes the dike. She absolutely likes it. She says there's er charm in it. She says there's an indescribable charm."

"But then," he apologetically murmurs, "you can't account for gals."

"The gal," coming in for an early morning call, inquires of them: "Did you know when the fog cleared and the wind came out of the east? It was suffocating, and there was a thick gray mist everywhere. For all the sound the ocean made it might have been a thousand miles away. All at once something seemed to draw a long breath, and the fog felt it and made a curious movement. Presently I heard a rush of wings and saw the white breasts of gulls as they flew above me. The morning was coming in from the sea. It is the sea, you know, which sends us each new day. It comes in splendor over the lustrous water for leagues and leagues, growing brighter and brighter, until it is one unutterable glory."

That is a very pretty bit of word painting that personally appeals to the lover of the sea.

There is a slight vein of narrative running through this sketch, in which humor and pathos mingle, with that leaning toward melancholy that characterizes the seaport town. The pictures of poor Rodge Peake with his besetting sin, and his heroic wife who strives so hard to hide it, and finally dies in the endeavor, is most pathetic, and so is the ever-recurring appearance of 'Mar' Baker and her unfortunate son.

July Burns and her reminiscences, which were the daily meat and drink of the unfortunate dwellers on dike land, furnish the broadly comic element.

Seldom has the mistakenly called joy of riding on a load of hay been



"THE SILVER BROOK."
 Design for Hall Paper,
 By Will Bradley.

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more graphically described than by Mrs. Pool, who says, in the character of one of her heroines, who helps stow the last load : "Hitherto I had had no idea that there were such violent lurchings, such seasick rockings, such pitchings to and fro, incident to being on a load of hay. The very breathing of the horses seemed to vibrate all through it, and when a big forkful came up and we essayed to trample it into place, the almost absolute certainty that it would slip off, taking us with it, was dreadful to bear. All the time there was an oscillating movement far down below us that made us think the marsh was getting ready to reel over to one side. I would have said the hay was alive, and would presently heave us out with vicious enjoyment of the catastrophe. I asked myself why it was that men whom I had seen riding by in such positions always presented a picture of dreamy happiness. No matter where I was on the load, there always seemed beneath me an incipient sly kind of movement. As the hay accumulated this sensation increased also."

It seems a little odd that the illuminated cover of this book should have for its design a steep hill crowned by a house surrounded by trees, instead of the unbroken low-lying stretches of marsh land which the sketch describes.

An extremely pretty binding in a dark, plum-colored, ribbed cloth, covered as to its upper side and back with a richly gilded design of a conventionalized flower, encloses a romance by Clive Holland entitled, "The Lure of Fame," from the house of the New Amsterdam Book Co.

The story is of a small hamlet in Norway, and the life of its simple villagers, growing up among whom is a lovely young girl with a beautiful voice, whom the narrator educates until, grown ambitious and hearing something of the world and what she may be in it, Ulrica makes the venture, and becomes in a measure lost to her old friends of Vossegangen.

From the fact that no story-teller dares to deviate from it, it appears there is a law, which may not be broken, which forbids a prima donna to be happy. Therefore Ulrica has hardly begun to taste the sweets of fame before she is plunged into melancholy, and the story comes to a sad ending.

The frontispiece, which depicts Ulrica singing, and the decorated title page, by Wharton Edwards, are hardly satisfactory.

The mere fact that the poems entitled, "Pebbles and Shells," by Clarence Hawkes, are enriched from photographs taken by that distinguished artist and engraver, Elbridge Kingsley, is enough to attract attention.

Mr. Hawkes has been blind from his early youth, yet in despite of this burden has toiled with more than usual diligence to make the most of life. His delicate physique and frail health have hindered him from following most of the occupations possible to those without sight. He has been a public lecturer, but it is chiefly as a poet that he is known, and it is not too much to say that he compares favorably with our other blind poet of the present time, Philip Bourke Marston.

His position is best stated by himself in

"THE GUERDON OF SONG."

'Tis not for wealth I sing my simple lays,
Or e'en for fame or for the critics' praise ;
But for the joy of feeling and of living
All that I say, and for the joy of giving.
He who can feel that by his life he feeds
A hungry world and fills another's needs,
E'en though his song may be but idle things,
Has known the joy for which the poet sings.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Mr. Hawkes has a singularly happy and contented spirit, and looks on life with much of sweet philosophy, for, as he sings,—

“Happy is he who takes life as it seems,
Nor seeks to pierce the vista of his dreams.”

One finds many pretty conceits in his verse, such as this :

“If I but had the little key
That opes my lady’s wayward heart,
I’d turn the bolt, and then I’d see
If love e’er pierced it with his dart.
And if her love was all for me,
I’d enter in and lock the door,
And live with love forevermore.”

Mr. Hawkes took the fourth prize among two thousand competitors last year, for the best quatrain. His, called “Erosion,” runs thus :

“Even the little waves that idly dance
Against the cliff will crumble it to sand ;
And so, with ceaseless toil, the slightest hand
May wear away the walls of circumstance.”

A portrait of the poet forms the frontispiece of this interesting book of verse, which is given to the world through the office of the Picturesque Publishing Company of Northampton.

There being what almost seems like a concerted movement on the part of historians, essayists and novelists to treat of the colonial history of the American provinces, it can only be a wanton disregard of their efforts that leaves any inquiring mind ignorant.

One of the latest of these endeavors, “The Governor’s Garden,” by George R. R. Rivers (Joseph Knight Co), offers entertainment as well as instruction, although the old-fashioned announcement of the title page, which proclaims it “A Relation of Some Passages in the Life of His Excellency Thomas Hutchinson, Sometime Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of His Majesty’s Province of Massachusetts Bay,” sounds sufficiently formal.

The Governor’s garden, belonging to his country estate, was in the town of Milton, where Mr Rivers says most of his own life has been spent, and with whose (the garden’s) beauties, history and traditions he has long been familiar.

The first part of the story dates back as far as the beginning of 1773, when the Sons of Liberty and their following, resenting all acts and words of Governor Hutchinson as emanating from “a king’s minion,” were busy concocting plans to rid themselves of his unwelcome authority: and some of these, in company with other daring spirits, who were for the greater part hanged as pirates later, were also planning how they might smuggle goods, chiefly chests of tea, into the country; thus treating themselves to the double joy of outwitting the government and filling their own pockets.

Ezra Jaquith, the villain of this tale, is one of these unscrupulous adventurers, and the reader is given to understand on his first appearance what a deep and remorseless wretch he is.

The hero is as brave as the villain is desperate, and the heroine is a fine and spirited young woman. Among celebrated persons of the times who figure in the tale is “Sixteen-stringed Jack,” that handsome and gallant highwayman.

This period, just before the Revolution, was one replete with incidents, both sanguinary and romantic, and Mr. Rivers has availed himself of his opportunities, causing his hero, one David Whittemore, to be kidnapped

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and marooned in the Caribbean sea, his heroine to be in danger of abduction, and similar romantic episodes to be accorded to other personages.

Of the character of that refined gentleman, Governor Hutchinson, the author has made a careful study. There are few to-day who are inclined to asperse his reputation, most being willing to accept his own assertion that he did what he believed to be his duty, and conscientiously carried out instructions sent him from the home government; but no Son of Liberty with the exception of Mr Rivers's hero thought him to be other than an enemy to Americans and their interests. This honorable Tory suffered much at the hands of rebellious citizens, who mobbed him, destroying much of his property, and inflicted daily injuries in their accusations of cruelty and injustice.

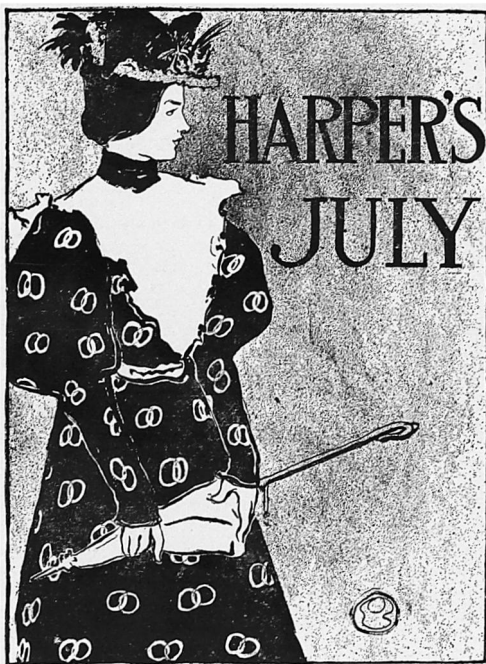
The novel, with its varied setting, brings historical events more clearly before the mind than bald statements of fact can ever do, and probably many who read the "Governor's Garden" will date all their acquaintance with the troublous times it describes from its perusal.

The details of print, paper and binding are in keeping with the subject matter of the book. The title page is a perfect imitation of the style of a hundred years ago, with border, stiff and conventional ornament, heavy lines to divide the several announcements, *f* for *s*, and italicized names of persons and places.

The use of the *f* for *s* is continued through the volume in the headings to chapters and the two or three letters, and a song introduced in the course of the story, but otherwise omitted; probably out of regard for its readers. The italicized proper names are retained, however, which makes an inconsistent piece of work, for it should be as to its type either ancient or modern in style. The stiff little ornaments used as head and tail pieces, also, are not pleasing, except in conjunction with a rigorous return to old fashions, which the dropping of the old-style *s* in the body of the volume upsets altogether.

With the exception of this inconsistency this product of the Merrymount Press is admirable.

The silhouettes which illustrate the tale are, the author confesses, the work of his own imagination.



Poster
by
Edward
Penfield.